

THE
TRAGEDIE
OF
Hero and Leander.

Written by

St. ROBERT STAPYLTON K^t.

One of the Gentlemen Ushers of his Majesty's
Most Honourable Privy Chamber.

Licenced August 25. 1668.

Roger L'Estrange.



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THE AGED

OF

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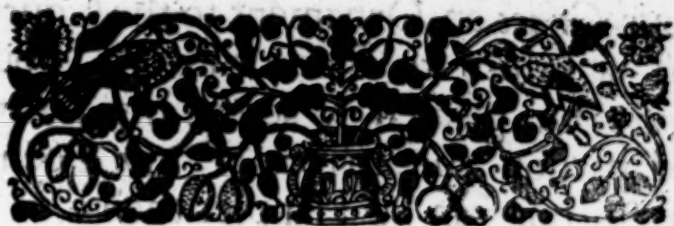
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TO THE
Illustrious Princess
The Dutcheſs of *MONMOUTH.*

Madam,

THough Talkers are ſo Malicious againſt Writers, that few dare Print their Works, unleſs protected by great Perſons: Yet Hope of Patronage is not the Cauſe of my preſumption. For if Men had no malice, or ſuch, as could not poiſon Books, This ſhould be dedicated to the Divine
and

and Princely Virtues, which make
Your *Grace* an Ornament to the Court,
and a Glory to Your Sex. If your
Grace be pleased to accept my Duty,
and pardon the Errors of my Poem,
no Author can be Happier then

Your *Grace's*
Most obedient Servant

R. Stapylton.

The Prologue.

BAnkers with Ginnyes may their purses fill,
And travel safer over Shooter's Hill,
Then Poets with their Stock can pass this Road;
To rob them of Applause is now the Mode:
He's scarce esteem'd a Gallant, in our dayes,
Who has not Hector'd two or three new Playes.
Joyn'd with this Party, as the Author's told;
Are some, who neither spare new Playes, nor old.
Censurers, that, like Picklocks of the Law,
In any thing that's penn'd, will find a flaw;
And have a Peck to him, because he chuses
A Subject, which new-modell'd Rhyme abuses:
For Love and Honour (Theams of former Ages)
Are turn'd into Bourlesque, on modern Stages:
Where a Jack-Pudding acts great Alexander,
And Puppets play mock-Hero and Leander.
That Hero and Leander (further fam'd
Then any Land which Alexander claim'd)
Should be disparag'd; Mimick, scorn, not Wit,
Deriding what the noblest Poet writ.
Blame not our Poet, if he be intrag'd,
Ladies, You and your Servants are ingag'd;
For, Hero's Injury concerns the Faire;
Leander's, all those Men, who bravely dare.

The

The Persons.

Tiresias
Samertes
Leander
Orofis
Mentor
Musæus
Castor
Stredon

Aphila
Hero and }
Theamne }
Celena
Nurse

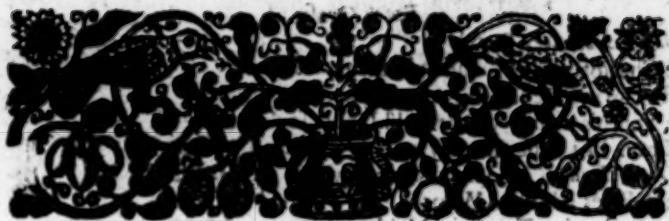
Supreme Magistrate of Sestos.
His Son.
A Prince of the House of Troy.
His Younger Brother.
Admiral of Athens.
His Vice-Admiral.
Master of Leander's Ship.
Master's Mate.

wife to Tiresias.
Daughters to Tiresias and Aphila.
Sister to Leander and Orofis.
To Hero and Theamne.

Boyes and Girles; Servants,
Sea-men and Souldiers.

The Scene.

The Towers and Towns of Sestos and Abydos,
the Hellespont flowing between them.



Hero and Leander.

The First Act.

*When the Curtain is drawn up, there's discover'd
at Sestos, a Throng of People, from them*

Enter Castor and Stredon, puffing and blowing.

Cast. Ate, O for a fresh Gale, to give me breath.

M

Sire. Master, this Feast of *Venus* and *Adonis*

Is hotter then a dog-Day: how I sweat?

But *Castor*, 'twas good luck, our jeering Friends

(In *Asia*) could not see how thou and I

Were straped here (in *Europe*) run a ground.

Upon a multitude of staring *Greeks*,

Cast. Send me aboard my ship; In these Land-Crowds

There's more confusion then in Storms at Sea: I tack about,

Stredon, we have lost the Prince.

Enter Leander.

Lean. *Castor*?

Sire. Hark? Our great Master calls.

Lean. Is the Show comming yet?

Enter Oros.

Oros. *Leander*, Stand.

The Chariot moves, and in it such a *Venus*
As stirs up my Devotion, a young Lady
In a Youth's arms; what would I give for's Place?

Lean. His Wife she may be, or perhaps his Wench,

Oros. *Ladas* (who knows this Town of *Sister*) says,
These Rites admit no Wench, nor Married-Woman;

Venus to day is a Terrestrial Maid,

But I adore her,

Lean. Ye, *Oros*, now,

When *Berice*, *Syrus*, and *Arabin*, meet

At the Great Feast of *Venus* and *Adonis*,

When *Malta*, *Cyprus*, *Rhodes*, and *Sicily*,

Land their whole Islands on this Continent,

To pay th' Immortal Gods religious duties,

Canst thou think of adoring mortal Beauties?

Oros. *Leander* of our *Trojan* Family

You are the Chief; I, your poor younger-Brother:

You, by your Birth-right, may claim *Hector's* Valour,

A second *Paris* I: no marvel then,

If I court Women, whilst you conquer Men.

Lean. Thou court'st all Women,

Oros. To chuse out the best;

This Beauty must be nobly born, and Chast:

She's like *Cleena*, our now-equal'd Sister.

The Show.

Theamne and *Samertes*, habited like *Venus* and *Adonis*, appear in a Chariot, drawn by Girls and Boys, wearing white Vests and Garlands of *Roses*.

Theamne and *Samertes* kiss.

1 Boy. *Venus* and *Adonis* kiss;

Pretty Maids, how like you this?

1 Girl. We like all, that Love's Queen esteems.

2 Boy. And she likes Kissing well, it seems:

Our smiling Goddess, this Feast-Day,

Will grant all Suits: pray Virgins, pray.

2 Girl.

a Girl. When you grow Men, that you prove true,
Sweet Boyes, we pray: for what pray You?

a Boy. We pray to *Venus*, that she'll please
To make us all *Adonises*.

Song.

*When Sons of Mars quarrel
For Fame and the Laurel,
They dye, nipt like Buds in the Spring:
VVe Children of Venus,
When our Nurses wean us,
Play, Laugh, Kist, and merrily Sing.
Yet VVe get Renown,
VVhich Cupid proposes;
And VVe wear a Crown,
Not Laurel, but Roses.
Our Goddess, Softer then our Flowers,
VVill make no resistance.
Malignant and Infernal Powers
Set Hearts at a distance.*

Chorus.

*Fair Venus dwells above
The Moon, young Adonis under:
But Youth and Beauty will love,
The Stars cannot keep them asunder.*

*Samertes and Theamne come down, they dance;
the Show goes off, after it the People.*

Lean. Let the Crowd follow her, thou shalt not stir,
She's young, and fair, but She's I know not Who.

Oros. Who e're she be, so much Divinity
She has, that for it I'll exchange my Honour.

Lean. After Troy's ruine, on the Royal House
Of *Priam* and *Assaracus*, wilt thou
Bring more destruction by a shameful Match?
I charge thee, stay.

Oros. Command your Gally-Slaves.

Lean. If reason can persuade, thou wilt not go.

Oros. You'll let me send?

Lean. None that belongs to me:
Take Captives and thou shalt have all my Fleet.

But not a man to make thy self a Slave.

Oros. Though I have here no Servant, I scorn thine;
And thee; I'll Act alone.

Lean. Act, like a Prince;
Act with thy Brother, come in for a share
In the Dominion of the *Euxine* Sea:
I'll joyne with thee in the pursuit of Glory,
But where there's nothing to be got, but shame,
I leave thee.

Oros. Oh, your Servant, you are call'd
To the releife of some poor fighting Ships;
I'm called-on too.

Lean. But 'tis to Court, not Fight.

Oros. I would increase, and not destroy, Mankind.

Lean. Thou wilt be lost to Honour, and add none
To Nature, but a Race, thou'lt blush to own:
Could'st thou indure a Son that would like thee,
Marry the Pageant, which he came to see;
A Son that (when the Warr he should esponse
And with triumphant Laurel Wreath his brows)
Worse then a Coward, should seek to hide his head
In the soft Pillow of a Wanton's bed?

Oros. You have alarm'd me, I'm now for Arms.

Lean. And now let us embrace as Fellow-Souldiers.

Oros. But in great Souldiers hearts, Mistresses have
The second Place.

Lean. Dost thou prefer the War,
Before the Mistress?

Oros. Yes; and to be serious,
Do not you fear, my Spirit is so low,
To match with Beauty of a mean extraction.

Lean. Then, follow thy Amour, I'll follow thee.

Oros. Let's now embrace as Brothers: I presume,
The sacred Chariot's going to the Temple.
There my Young *Venus* once more we'll behold,
To Her I'll pray: the Goddess is grown Old.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Tiresias, Aphila and Arcas.

Tire. Thou know'st I love thee.

Aphi. So't appears; for, you,
Kind Husband, rob me of the Right of Nature,
You take my Child out of her Mother's Power.
Here's a Priestess, for a whole year Cloister'd:
Was this an Act of Love to her, or me?

Tire. *Aphila*, 'twas an Act of Piety,

Aphi.

Aphi. *Tirefas*, 'twas an Act of Policy.

Tire. This only clears the Account to *Venus*; she Lent her to us, I pay her to the *Goddess*.

Aphi. You mock me and the *Goddess*; for to both Great Zeal you do pretend, but value neither.

These are the Prophet's Tricks, Legerdemains,

That come to you from your Progenitors,

The *Delphick* Priests: and since you came to *Thrace*,

Your Pride, is, like your Gold, pil'd-up so high

That you look down, with Scorn, upon my Kindred.

Tire. Whom, of your Kindred, have I ever Scorn'd?

Aphi. My Nephew *Arcas*; because he lov'd *Hero*,
She was committed Priests, to the Tower.

Tire. This is great news; *Arcas*, do you love *Hero*?

Arcas. Above the World, for she's worth many Worlds,
The Maid's Divine,

Aphi. That's by the Mother's side;

The Father's grown inhumane to his own.

Tire. In my indulgent care, I have express'd
My Fatherly affection to our Children.

I made *Samertes* Governour of *Sessos*;

His Chin's still smooth, yet is the Sword in's hand:

And if Great *Mentor* Admiral of *Athens*,

Were not yet kept from us by a storm at Sea,

This day, *Theamne* should have been his Bride.

Aphi. But *Hero* is a Priestess.

Tire. Dear, you know,

One of my Family's Prerogatives,

Her Priesthood is, and lasts but for a Year,

Then, noble *Arcas*, you may Court her freely,

Meantime, you have my Wife's consent, and mine.

Arcas. Gifts, dearer then the life my Parents gave.

Aphi. Now I adore your holy Ceremonies,

Which Crown our Children, in the Town, and Temple.

Enter Samertes and Theamne.

Here comes our *Venus* and *Adonis*; Son,

Thy Sacred Father to my Nephew *Arcas*

Has promis'd *Hero*; give the Bride-groom joy.

Samert. First, Madam, with your leave, I'll joy my self,

That I have such a Brother.

Arcas. Who admires

Only two Miracles of Nature; *Hero*,

For Beauty; and for Gallantry, *Samertes*.

Samert. Y' have reason.

Thea. What a Peacock is my Brother.

Same. *Theamne*, this should be thy Wedding-day,
But thy Great Bride-groom's rivall'd by a Storm:
Dost thou not pray devoutly for a Calm?

Thea. I love a Sea, in which the *Dolphin* plays.

Same. Thou lovest a Man.

Thea. Known only by his Fame.

Same. Yes, by his Picture.

Thea. That's not fac'd like you;

For I perceive, that *Mentor's* no *Adonis*.

Same. But he's a *Mars*, which *Venus* likes as well;
There's in a Souldier's roughness a strange Spell;
Then Maids love Title, and he's styl'd the Great.

Tire. A Title merited, when he destroy'd
The *Persian* Fleet, and with his own hand slew
The Great King's Vice-roy.

Same. Nay Sir, he has yet
A higher Title, he's my Fathers Friend.
Sister, ingeniously confess; before
Thou see'st Great *Mentor*, fear't thou not this loss?

Thea. I feare his stern looks] *Pitty* such a Man
Should perish---

Same. And thou live a Maid.

Thea. That's pleasant:

Tire. Son, thy Unusual mirth presages well.

Same. Sir, you derive your self from *Delphian* Prophets,
Do y' not fore-see, that I'll be merrier?
My Veins shall swell with your best Wines; this Evening
I mean to feast those Friends, who at the show
Made-up our Traine.

Aphi. I'll order you a Treat,
And make't as Noble, as my Joyes are Great.

Exeunt.

*Enter Hero And Nurse,
In the Temple.*

*On the Altar, between two Tapers burning, stand the
Statues of Vetus and Cupid.*

Nurse. You Maids, that in your flowry Youth scorn Men,
Are met withal; for in your wither'd Age,
Men laugh at you.

Hero. As I do, at thy Precepts.

Nurse.

Nurse. Do y' laugh?

Hero. Nurse I should frown, but that I know
The Difference between thee and other Nurses.
In Smooth discourses they hint Wanton thoughts,
Thy Natur's modest; though thy Humour be
Too Gay, for one so Old.

Nurse. Well, *Hero*, Well;
Your Humour's froward; will you never Marry?

Hero. Pray hear my Reasons.

Nurse. I dare stay no longer;
My Lady will frown, if she want my Service
At such a Feast.

Hero. My duty to my Parents,
Nurse, you'l not fail to say you left me well?

Nurse. In body; but, I faith, I'll tell your Mother,
How peevishly you mortifie your Mind.

Diana loves to have her Priestests strict;
But *Venus* favours not a single Life,
She hates a Maid, that would not be a Wife.

Hero. Free I was born, why should I not live Free?

Nurse. What think you Marriage is?

Hero. Perpetual Bondage.

Hero kneels to Venus.

O *Venus*, if the Service I have done,
Here in thy Temple, please thee; Chide thy Son,
When he shoots at me any thing, but Lead;
Save me, dear Goddess, from the Nuptial bed:
Nort to *Posterity* let *Time* record,
That She, who was thy Servant, had a Lord.

Nurse. Child, date you pray to *Venus*, against *Love*?
Take heed, some Judgment do not fall upon you:
Never young Virgin made a Prayer so wicked.

Hero. Never Old-woman was so Superstitious:
Nay, sweet Nurse, stay; thou shalt not part in fury;
Stay, that I may convert thee to my Faith.

Enter Leander and Orolis.

Lean. That talking old Priest made us come too late,
The Chariot's gone.

Oros. We met him luckily,
Now I may own my Love to fair *Thea*.

Lean. But sure her Sister *Hero* is deform'd,
And therefore, by her Parents, the poor soul
Was made a Priestess and plac'd here, to Pray.

Oros. They are great Ladies.

Hero and Nurse
talk with their
faces to the Altar.

Lean.

Lean. Yes, the Priest told us,
Their Father is chief Magistrate of *Sestos*.

Oros. But under him their Brother has the Sword,
He's Governour.

Lean. Who, he that was *Adonis*?

Oros. O Sir, to a young Souldier, bred in *Sparta*,
The Sword may be intrusted.

Lean. It futes worse,
With their old Father's Attribute of *Prophet*,
To make his Son *Adonis* in a show;
But *Greece* is wanton.

Oros. Leaving your Grave thoughts,
Advise me, shall I move *Theamne's* Father?
Or with me at the Altar will You kneel,
And try, if we can pray *Theamne* hither?

Lean. We may pray here, or there, but to no purpose,
Tiresias is too rich.

Oros. Rust eate his coine;
The poorest Prince deserves —

Lean. Triumphal Arches,
When he's Victorious.

Oros. Brother, I'll Fight well,
And Love well too.

Lean. I am a Man, I scorn
Love's Childish Toys--VWhat miracle of Nature { *Hero and Nurse turn*
Draws *Cupid's* Bow, to wound me, who so oft { *from the Altar.*
have slighted his Divinity?

Oros. He's blasted!
Sure, Love has struck him with a flash of Lightning,

Leander. VWhat deprives thee of thy Senses?

Lean. Wonder, Fear, Modesty; and Impudence!

Oros. Before th'Immortal Gods, could you be bold?

Lean. Profanely rude; I hardly can forbear:
Yet, silently I'll sound her inclination.

Oros. She steals a look; hang me, but she'll prove kind.

Hero. Oh, I have been too busy with my eyes,
They have betray'd their Mistress: Shall I yield
Before the Souldier summons me? Help Nurse.

Nurse. No, I'm a Superstitious old Woman:
VWhat think you of strict Resolutions now?
Ben't you in Love?

Hero. I am, I know not what.

Lean. 'Tis happy, that my Love's not made the sport
Of her Disdain; for Favour now I'll sue.

Priestess, a Temple you your self deserve,
 For y^e are as great a Pow'r, as she you serve;
 Here reign two Queens of Love divinely Fair;
 And both, I hope, will hear a Stranger's Pray'r.

Hero. Not strangers, but deserving Friends I hear.

Lean. Though I am not related yet so near,
 I love you, more then Friend or Brother can.

Hero. I never did, nor ever will love Man.

Lean. If you'll not love, then cruel-Faire, I'll dye.

Hero. I cannot love, nor hate: for 'tis not I
 That am mine own Disposer; in my choice
 My Father, and my Mother, has a Voice:
 Stranger, your Suit depends upon their Wills;
 But I must to the Tow'r, the Temple fills.

How needful your advice is, Nurse, you see?

Nurs. Child, when the Banquet's serv'd, I'll come again.

[*Exeunt Hero and Nurse, severally.*]

Lean. Who shall treat with their Parents?

Oros. That will I;

For I first lov'd, and therefore I'll first speak.

Lean. With all the Art thou did'st at Athens learn,
 Move both our Suits.

Oros. Only my own Concern;

For, you are sure to speed, if I prevail:

And you'll be undiscover'd, if I fail.

[*Exeunt.*]

The Second Act.

*Enter Theamne, and Nurse with a Picture,
 In a Garden.*

Thea. Nurse, how's the Wind?

Nurs. As the Trees blow, 'tis VVest.

Thea. Then, Mentor comes.

Nurs. Poor heart, I give the Pity,

Instead of Joy; VVhat a sad Bride-groom's here!

If this Face be his best, he has the worst

That ever eyes beheld: An Admiral!

A Sea-coast-man; from such an *Ethiop*

VVell might the *Persians* fly; I shake and tremble

To see his very Picture.

Thea. Then, O Nurse!

How must I be confounded, when I fear,

C

He

He may be landing?

Nurse. Now the Devil sink him;
Before my Father should dispose of me,
To one I never saw but in a Shadow;
Which frights me, like a Goblin, I would fly
As far as *Asia* has a foot of ground.

Thea. Rather then I'll stay here, till He arrive;
I'll fly to *Persia*; least he Conquer that,
To *India*: but alas, I know no friend,
VWho will conceal me here.

Nurse. You know my Sister,
Step to her House, there You may lye as safe,
As *Hero* in her Tow'r; and when the Town
Is searched, my life on't, she'l discover nothing;
I'th ev'ning, when the Saylor, that came over
To our Feast from *Abydos*, shall return;
Go, in my Sisters cloaths, and hire your passage;
The Sea from *Sestos*, is not a Mile-broad,
You'l Sail it, in a quarter of an hour.

Thea. Kiss me, dear Nurse, and let us take leave for ever;
I'll follow thy advice, lend me thy Veile,

Theamne puts on Nurse's Veile.

Enter Orosis, Castor and Siredon.

Unbolt the garden-door VWhose here? a Stranger;
But one worth all th'Inhabitants of *Greece*:
with such a Husband I could live and dye.

Oros. *Theamne* here? Fortune's a gracious Queen;
Love, be not then a Tyrant: *Achilles* how
Inspire me, with thy Vein of Poetry.
Fairest and sweetest of the matchless *Greeks*,
These Damask-Roses blowing in your Cheeks,
Make all those Garden-Roses look as pale,
As Beauties struck when they see You unveil.

Thea. Nay if you speak Verse, I am for you there;
Verse is the Dialect of Prophets Children.
Foreiner (for you are no *Greek*, I see)
Your Country and your Quality to me,
Are Strangers too

Oros. Wonder of *Europe*, know,
That, till your Countrymen did overthrow
My Family, *Troy* was our Royal Seat;
But what are Princes after a Defeat!
From all the Lesser *Asia*, and a Crown,
Our Empire is reduc'd to one Sea-Town:

[*Aside.*]

I, cross the Channel, at *Abydos* born;
Sestos my Neighbour-City, You adorn:
 Here, from the VWorld, in my own Right I claim
Theamne—

Thea. How come you to know my name?

Oros. It concerns him, who moves for a Decree;
 To know his Judge.

Thea. Your Judge I cannot be,
 For to *Theamne* you pretend a Right.

Oros. My Title's Love, at first and second Sight.

Thea. But how can I a wandring Stranger trust?

Oros. My Claim's put in; and I hope, You'll be just:
 But if the Judge will take the Party's Oath,
 I give you my inviolable Troath.

[*Orosis offers his hand, Theamne accepts it.*]

Thea. More Forme, in my Ingagement, should be us'd,
 But where Need presses, Modesty's excus'd;

Oros. The Knot is ty'd, untye it He that can.

Thea. VWhether he be a Monster, or a Man;
 See (whom I never saw, but in this Piece)
 My Father's choice.

Oros. 'Tis He that fought for *Greece*:
 I know his *Persian* Trophie, and his Face;
 VVe match'd our Chariots, in th' *Olympick* Race:
 Ith' *Isthmian* VVraistling-ground, his strength I try'd.

Thea. You now must wrastle with him, for a Bride.

Oros. How? Shall I bear you hence? or prosecute
 My first Designe, and boldly move my Suit
 To your rich Friends?

Thea. Do this, but ere you go,
 'Tis fit, you should their Dispositions know.
 My Father's Mentor's Friend, but govern'd by
 My Mother; She loves nothing, but what's High;
 That Kings were your Fore-Fathers, may please Her:
 My Brother's of a strange mixt Character,
 He's Valiant, but his Valour's drown'd in Rage;
 And though a Tutor might besit his Age,
 Yet He's by this strong Garrison obey'd,
 But grown so deadly proud, since He was made
 Governour of the Town, that He expects,
 All Men should do, what ever He directs;
 VVhere He does love, He flatter'd like a Child:
 And where He hates, He's never reconcil'd.

My Cosen *Arctas* lyes so near my Brother,
Like Apples touching, they corrupt each other.

Oros. These tempers are not to be wrought-on.

Thea. Try;

If they, like mortal Enemies, deny

The offer of a Treaty; then, Use Force,

To which you Princes have your last recourse:

I'll take the air, this Ev'ning, on the *Strand*.

Oros. A few, but daring Sea-men, I command.

Thea. If they can beat the Souldiers of my Guard.

Oros. A Gally, at the Port, shall lye prepar'd,

To row us off.

Thea. I'll back the Garden-way,

Go you to the great Gates; this Holiday,

You'll find them open; and you could not chuse

A softer time, Festival VVines infuse

Courtship into my Friends, but look to find

My eyes strange to you, though my heart be kind.

Oros. Before that borrow'd strangeness you put-on,

I kiss your hand.

Thea. Bold Foreiner, be gon. [*Exeunt all but Castor and Stredon.*]

Sire. Castor, VVhat sadness lies upon thy heart?

Cast. VVould I had never seen these *Sisters* eyes.

Sire. Sure thou'rt in love with neither?

Cast. I hate both.

They make us Fast, when all the Town is Feasting.

Sire. VVe should not grudge the loss of a meal's Meat:

Leander Fasts

Cast. And prays, but all in vain;

For *Hero*, like her *Goddeſs*, is a Statue,

No Prayer can move her.

Sire. Yes, if one could Say

Pigmalion's Pray'r to *Venus*, for that made

A Statue flesh and blood.

Cast. To soften *Hero*,

I know a Naturall Expedient,

VVorth forty such *Greek* Lies; let's fire the Temple,

And march off with the Priestests.

Sire. O damn'd Master!

Rather then I would Commit Sacrilege;

I would eat thee.

Cast. Religious Master's Mate:

but we wait well, (the Prince who makes no Halts)

Is march'd into the Court of *Sestos*, follow;

Nay keep your VVay.

Sire. If it be my VVay, 'tis yours.

Cass. Do you think me so barbarously rude,
That I'll take 't from you.

Sire. Oh, oblige me, Sir.

Cass. You'r next the door.

Sire. I'll open it for you.

Cass. I beg, you'll go.

Sire. Only to be your Usher.

Cass. Thus we *Barbarians*, of the civil *Greeks*,
Learn how to make our selves ridiculous.

[*Exeunt.*]

Tiresias, Aphila, Theamne, Samertes, and Arcas
discover'd, sitting at a Banquet, Nurse waiting,
A Page whistles Samertes, who strikes him.

Aphi. VVhat? Strike your Boy for bringing of a Message?

Sam. But Madam, the knave smil'd, which made me think,
Memor was landed, and 'tis one of *Asia*,
Come from *Abydos*, send the man away.

Page. He should be, by his bravery, some great man.

[*Sam.* All sober Spies upon my Cups, I hate.

Page. Sir, the Youth looks; as though he would do reason:

Sam. If he'll drink, bring him: *Arcas, Hero's Health.* [*Exit Page.*]

Arcas. That has gone round.

Sam. VVhy does *Theamne* sigh?

But such a grief as thine, who can resist?

I'll now carouse thy Joy from Sea to Land,

Memor's Health, Mother.

Aphi. Husband, to your Friend,
And Son-in-Law.

Enter Page and Orofis.

Tire. That Stranger shall pledge me.

Sam. The House to all gives publick Entertainment;
But Sir, if you'll be welcom to this Board,
Sit down and drink as we do.

Tire. Here's a Health

To the preserver of the State of *Greece*,
And Terror of the *Persian Kingdom*, *Memor*:

Oros. To him I'll drink a *Hellsport* of VVine;
May I presume to offer this to you,
Illustrious Virgin?

Aphi. Yes.

Thea. No; he's too bold.

Aphi.

Aphi. A Noble stranger has the Priviledge,
Of drinking to the Bride.

Oros. Is she a Bride ?

To whom ?

Aphi. To *Mentor*, Admiral of *Athens*.

Oros. Have they seen one another ?

Aphi. In their Pictures.

Oros. Twice have I seen Her ; here, and at the Show ;
Love has not yet peirc'd *Mentor*'s breast,
mine bleeds,

And for the first Cure, the first VVounded moves.

Same. She is my Sister ; Stranger, do you know,
VVhat the word (Sister) means ?

Oros. Not very well.

Same. That *Greek* may easily be understood,
No Forein Mixture must corrupt our Blood.

Oros. Your Blood, and mine, from Sacred Fountains springs:
From *Delphick* Priests Yours, mine from *Trojan* Kings.

Aphi. Though I love Kings, She cannot be your Queen ;
For she's oblig'd to *Mentor*.

Oros. VVhat ? to one

She never saw, but as it pleas'd the Painter,
VVho, if he were a Master, drew a Face,
Will break no Lady's Heart.

Same. Draw ; in thy blood [*Samertes and Arcas draw.*
I'll wash away the Scorn thou throw'st on *Mentor*,

Oros. Come all ; Number's no odds, when Lovers fight.

Tire. *Samertes* ! *Arcas* ! Will you Violate

The Law of Hospitality ?

Then. Why, Brother,

Will you ingage, before I have declar'd ?

Tire. Son, hear thy Sister.

Same. You tye up my arm ;

And let loose her tongue, which may do more mischief.

Then. No, I'll discharge him, with a formal Speech.

Stranger, we question not your *Trojan* Race,

For, one may see bold *Paris* in your Face.

I am no *Helen*, which (it seems) you find,

Therefore you ask not me, how I'm inclin'd :

My Friends are courted ; they deny your Suit,

Straight You, like *Hector*, with your Sword dispute ;

But *Asian Hector*, Smooth your angry brow,

For every *Greek* is an *Achilles* now.

My Brother, in Obedience, holds his hand;
 Take heed, Victorious *Mentor* do not land:
 Fly to your Ship betimes, and scape his Fleet,
 [Arm all your Sea-Men, at the Port we'll meet.]
 I speak not this, my Enemy to save;
 But least our House should be a Stranger's Grave.

Oros. Am I your Enemy?

Thea. My Hate to You,
 Equals my Love to *Mentor*.

Oros. Then I go;

To every Lover I wish better Fortune.

[Exit *Orosis*.]

Same. Sister, the whole World has but two great Souls,
 That's Mine and Thine. What wilt thou do, this Ev'ning?

Thea. Get a fresh Breeze, to fan me, on the Strand.

Same. where (I hope) thou'lt discover *Mentor's* Fleet.

Thea. You'll go with me?

Same. Thou knowe'st, I am engag'd

To feast our Friends; but *Arcas*, with a Guard
 Shall wait upon thy Chair.

Arcas. Immediately.

[Exit *Samertes* and *Arcas*.]

Aphi. My Lord, we'll walk a little in the Garden.

[Exit *Tiresias* and *Aphila*.]

Thea. I hope, Nurse, I shall have your company.

Nurse. No, Child; I'll see an end of the great Ser,
 Between your Sister *Hera*, and *Leander*.

Dear Hearts, they have the harder Game to play:
 You'r grown a cunning Cheat, shift as you may.

Thea. I'll play my Cards as subtly as I can,
 To get a Prince, and scape an ugly Man.

[Exit.]

Enter *Castor* and *Stredon*.

In the Temple.

Sire. Master, Joy; Joy; our Men are weighing Anchors.
Orosis will to sweet *Alydos* Sail,
 With fair *Theamne*.

Cast. If we rout her Guards,

Sire. Like Lightning, in a moment, we'll dispatch
 Her Pikes and Bows; and she herself consents.

Cast. I know that, *Stredon*; canst thou tell me News?
 Will *Hera* to *Leander* be as kind?

Sire. No, *Castor*, no; she neither will nor can.

Cast. Nay, if she were but willing; we have those,

Dancers

Dancers oth'ropes, that would run up her Tower,
Nimble then *Ladas* ran to them with Orders.

Sira. I'm sent to watch their landing.

Cass. 'Tis high time;

The Lamp of Heaven burns out so fast, I fear

'T will leave us in the Dark: To the Port, run,

Make all imaginable hast; bring word

Theamne's there, and we'll clap Her aboard. [Exit *Stridon*.

Enter *Orofis* and *Nurse*; after them *Hero* and *Leander*

Orois. Hold *Nurse*, 'tis Gold.

Nurse. This needs not; I should be
Your Brother's Advocate, without a Fee.

Hero. Why do you press so much for my reply?

How can I grant, that which my Friends deny?

No Foreign Mixture must corrupt our Blood:

Nurse. 'twas my Brother's Answer, was't not good?

Nurse. Better your Sister's, to *Orofis*, is;

She says that if He can get her, She's his.

Hero. Were I so minded (which will never be)

Out of this Tow'r; what Army could get me?

They who to scale these Battlements aspire,

May attack Heav'n, that's but a little higher.

Nurse. Higher, or lower, be but You content,

He'll neither ask your Tow'r's, nor Friends consent,

Hero. *Nurse*, hold your peace,

Nurse. Child, if I should obey,

You would repent; mark therefore what I say.

The Temple will be shut, within this hour;

And Custom then confines You to the Tow'r;

For a whole Twelve-moneth; and within that Year,

Leander will be dead with grief, I fear;

Perhaps You hope, that Time, who flies from all,

Will come, like your tame Pidgeon, at Your call:

No; You have, like this day, but one hour's Light,

And then, bid Opportunity good night.

Hero. Since Time is precious, and our time so short,

Leander, you shall make no further Court:

I but obey my Goddess's Command,

Where *Venus* gives my heart, I give my hand.

Leander. For this, your more than Princely Donative,

Receive a Faith, pure as the Hand You give.

Venus, our Marriage-Rites are doubly thing,
Thy Star shines yonder, here thy Tapers shine:
O make the fadder Planets smile upon
Two Souls, blest'd, at thy Altar, into one.

Nurse. Where will you meet, to consummate your bliss?

Lean. Hold your Peace now; *Nurse*, let me speak to this.

To come to a Maid's bed, from which I'm barr'd
By Sea and Land, must needs be very hard:
But *Cupid*, into a cross'd Lover's heart;
Shoots twice, his Arrow first, and then his Art;
The harder Pass I'll open, with much ease:
For to thy Bed I'll swim these narrow Seas.

Hero. How! Swim the *Hellepont*? You are not able.

Lean. Yes, if it were a Sea Innavigable;
When all my Ships scarce safe at Anchor ride,
These Arms shall row me, against Wind and Tide:
Tempests and watry billows fright not me,
Billows of wild-fire I dare swim, to thee.

Hero. Since You will needs swim-ore to *Europe*-side,
A gentle Fire shall be *Leander*'s guide;
That envions Clouds, may not my Love benight,
Upon the Turret I will set a Light,
A Torch, which may a Star hereafter prove,
Seen from all Seas, and call'd the Star of Love.

Enter Stredon, he whispers Orosis.

Oros. *Leander*, *Hero* will give audience
To you at Midnight; I must now desire
Th'assistance of your Courage and your Conduct:
Theamine's in her Chair; *Arcas* Commands
Her Guards; our Men are ready for the Charge.

Hero. You'll Fight?

Oros. But all the danger's in delay,
Souldiers, like Chymists, must watch time precisely;
A minute's stay may ruine my Designe;
Yet to your Sister send one kiss by him.

Lean. For the next kiss, the *Hellepont* I'll swim.

[*Exeunt*.]

The Third Act.

*Enter Castor and Stredon
At Abydos.*

Cast. Stredon, Have you got Oil?

Sire. Pure, as Rock-water.

*Cast. Why, then all's ready; when Leander comes,
He'll soon be bath'd and noynted; then he'll swim:
I told Celena of her Brother's purpose.*

Sire. Did it not startle her?

Cast. No more then us:

*I do not think, that in so soft a Beauty,
The World has ever known a braver Spirit:
She said, a Man, might almost shoot an Arrow
Over the Hellespont, and he that fear'd
To swim that Sea, deserv'd not a fair Bride.*

Sire. What said she, to our beating of the Greeks?

Cast. Look here, boy; with this Gold she greets us well.

*Sire. A gracious Princess, let me kiss her Bounty. [they share.]
Did she not question thee about Theamne?*

Enter Celena.

Cast. Yes, here she's coming to examine thee.

*Cele. Stredon, your Master tells me, that Orosis
From Sestos brings a Beauty.*

*Sire. But your Highness,
I never saw a sweeter, I have done.*

*My Duty in my Answer, give me leave,
To pay it, in my Thanks, for your great Bounty*

*Cele. Stredon, from Sestos you bring handsome Language:
How long are they in landing, call for Lights,
I'll walk and meet 'em.*

Cast. Here's that trouble sav'd.

*Enter Leander, Theamne and Orosis; Sea-men
attending with Torches.*

Lean. Celena, a new Sister I present.

Cele. Madam, we Asians cannot complement;

But

But I wish you, fair *Greeks*, more Happiness:
Then *Greece* her self hath Language to express.

Then. Sister, your Ancestors did once enjoy,
A Crown in *Asia*; then, *Greece* Conquer'd *Troy*;
But to you *Trojans* now We *Grecians* yield;
The Court is Yours: Your Brothers have the Field.

Cale. I hear, they fought your Guards.

Then. Our Pikes, (that strove
To close, and had your Sea-men in their Grove)
Leander with so brave a courage Charg'd,
That by their flight the *Pis'ners* were enlarg'd:
Thorough our Bows *Orofis* made his way,
And wounding *Arcas*, won me, and the Day:
For th' Archers of my Guard, which *Arcas* led,
Fought whilst he stood; but when he fell, they fled.

Lean. We exerciz'd our men in that Land-Skirmish;
But 'tis at Sea; the Battail must be fought:
Send out a Pinnace to call-in our Fleet,
For, Brother, if the Wind should chop about,
Mentor will land at *Sestos*; of himself
He's not inclin'd to fury, but when there
He finds his Friends Inflam'd, his Mistress Lost;
Sure 'twill enrage him so, as to declare
A Naval War against us: All's at stake.

Oros. Swim you to *Sestos*, when you land again;
Your Fleet shall ride before the Fort: 'Tis late,
The Starry Wain now wheels about the Pole,
And drowsy Midnight steals upon our eyes.

Lean. I see, *Orofis*, you would be a Bed,
And time it is that I should bathe and noyn.
To put my self into a swimming posture:
Rest to you all.

Then. A Calm Sea to *Leander*.

Lean. You Sea-gods, that still swim th' *Hellepont*,
If you take my Attempt for an Affront,
That merits death; Yet make me not a Wrack,
As I go, drown me at my coming back.

[Exit.]

Enter *Tiresias*, *Aphils*, *Nurse*, and attendants
At *Sestos*.

Nurse. Now *Arcas* and *Samertes* are aboard,
Sure *Mentor* will not listen to a Treaty?

Aphi. That was not in debate, his Servant said,

D2

Twas

'Twas thought, the Admiral would spare *Abydos*.

Nurse. But the Vice-Admiral, that damn'd old Poet,
(Who has with Poetry infected *Mentor*)

Musæus, Voted for a Peace.

Tire. Fie, no;

He did not move for mercy to the Princes,

But to their City.

[*Trumpets sound.*

Nurse. These are *Mentor's* Trumpets.

Aphi. My Lord, let's meet your Friend, the Admiral.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter Mentor, Musæus, Arcas, Samertes, and
Souldiers with Torches.*

Ment. Enough, *Musæus*.

Musa. *Mentor*, I conclude:

Punish not, for a Few, a Multitude.

The guilty Brothers only have conspir'd,

Why should a Town that's Innocent, be fir'd?

Ment. In publick Ruines, who must be involv'd,

Let Fate determine; but the War's resolv'd.

Arcas. My Wound will then be heal'd: No Balm so good

For a hurt-man, as the Assailant's blood.

Same. *Sestos*, for thy Affront, *Abydos* shall,

In Ashes mourn at her Lord's Funeral.

Ment. The Brothers are not to be slighted so,

By Us, who their Undaunted Spirits know;

Orosis in the *Isthmian* Games foil'd me,

And *Arcas*, at this Feast, he wounded thee,

Leander did your *Sestian* Gallies beat,

And from my Fleet he made a brave Retreat.

Same. Yet, you have conquer'd braver Men by far.

Ment. Ere th' Hour-glass run, I hope to end this War.

Enter Tirelias, Aphi, and attendants.

Tire. Great *Mentor's* Pow'r is equal to his Will.

Ment. Friend; Father: Mother, so I'll call you still,

Though of your Daughter I am robb'd by one,

The *Hellepont* and the Winds fawn'd upon,

Using me worse then *Zerxes*, when they broke

His bridge of Boats; but this shall not provoke

Mentor to his proud Rage; he chain'd your Waves,

And whipt your Winds as if they'd been his Slaves.

I'll make them help to play my After-game,

And pay these Princes the just Debt of shame.

Aphi.

Appl. And Death, great *Mentor*, Death; my Lord and I
Live but in hope to see those Pirates dy.

Ment. The Storm was tedious; Yet I'll not repose,
Nor rest my Men, till I attacque our Foes:
Friend sleep secure, Madam, do you so too;
And when our Enemies believe, they do:
We'll pou'r in to *Abydos*; and bear down,
Like a wild Sea-breach, both the Tow'r and Town. [Exit.

Enter Hero and Nurse.
The Torch Flaming upon Hero's Tow'r.

Nurse. 'Tis midnight, but noon day looks not more clear,
What, in the name of *Venus*, should you fear?

Hero. That 't will grow dark, and then, dear Nurse, I doubt,
That some ill Fortune may the Torch put out.

Nurse. Put out the Torch? You may suspect as soon,
That some ill Fortune should put out the Moon:
See, the Torch, sparkling, does good luck beride,
There's a great Stranger coming to the Bride.

Hero. Where?

Nurse. Yonder; where these glittering Billows heave,
Leander's neck and arm you may perceive.

Hero. That? That's a *Dolphin*, but she does not bear
Leander on her back.

Nurse. But look you there,
She Ushers to your bed the Man of Men,

Hero. Nurse, I'm afraid, that you are wrong agen.

Nurse. Child, take my Spectacles, to help your sight.

Hero. Now, now I see him.

Nurse. Now who's i'the right?

Hero. I look'd to Sea-ward, and he's near the Shoar:
See, see; *Leander's* Pilot, Ship, and Oar.

Nurse. The Sail, his Vest, is Brail'd: anon 'twill spread,
But now it makes a Turbant for his head.

Hero. How I did long to see him! Is't not strange,
Wishes, like Winds, should in a moment change?

He comes, and now I long to have him gone:

O Nurse! a Man I dread to think upon:

My trembling heart-strings are upon the rack:

Go, and make some Excuse, to turn him back.

Nurse. No need of an Excuse; I'll carry word
That *Mentor's* Landed, and with Fire and Sword,
Means to destroy *Abydos*, before day,

Unless *Leander* save it.

Hero. Pry thee stay :

Think 't thou, *Leander* (under whose command

Abydos prospers both by Sea and Land)

Would leave his Brother ; his own Sister, mine,

The Town too, unsecur'd ?

Nurse. 'Tis very Fine ;

You know not your own mind ; Say, I, or No :

What shall I do ? Will y' have me stay, or go ?

Hero. Go, by all means, and tell *Leander*—

Nurse. What ?

Hero. Give me a little time, to think of that.

Nurse. Ha ha ; to stop him you have no more power,

Then I have strength, Child, to remove your Tower,

Whose very Stones will not obstruct his way.

Enter Leander, in his Vest and Night-Cap.

Go, let me hear, what you your self will say.

Hero. If I could go, as fast as You have Swum,

At that rate to *Leander* I would come.

Lean. Come not too near ; to touch my Sacred Bride,

Would be Profane, till I am Purify'd ;

Of Oyle I smell.

Nurse. That smell will be consum'd

In my Rose-Bath ; go, bathe, and be perfum'd,

Hero. Step into that warm Bath ; the Cold, I fear

Has pierc'd you.

Lean. No ; it met a Furnace here :

[he points to his Breast.

The water was but Fuel to my Fire ;

Still as I lower div'd, my Flame grew higher.

Nurse. Neither cold-Water, nor cold Fear, can daunt

Leander's heart ; yet swimming makes it pant.

Hero. My Love, you are sore toil'd ; I did mistake,

Your blood inflam'd, does that high Colour make ;

Bathe, put your self into a kindly heat,

And then, into my Bosom drop your Sweat.

[Exit.

Enter Orosis, and Theanne, making her self ready

At Abydos.

[the Drums beat.

Thea. Why beat the Drums ?

Oros. Our Fleet, sail'd into Port,

Salute our Souldiers in the Cittadel.

Thea.

Thea. Then might not You have rested for one hour?

Oros. Dear, every minute (now the Wind serves) *Mentor*
May Land; I go to Sea, to stop him there:
But pray, go You to Bed again; preserve
Your pretious Health, with your accustom'd Sleep.

Thea. No, my *Orosis*, when I Marry'd You,
My Fortune Marry'd Yours, if you must fight,
I must not sleep; *Celena's* making ready,
Your Sister goes, What ought Your Wife to do?
Fate's not more fixt then my Resolve: We'll live
Happily, or else nobly dye, together;

Oros. Incomparable——What's this noise? Who's there?
Stredon? the *Newes*?

Stre. Death: *Mentor's* at your Gates:
Struck with the terrour of his dreadful Name,
The Garrison, basely to save their Lives,
Threw down their Arms, the safe-Guard of Your Life:
Castor is still a Pris'ner, I escap'd,
By Virtue of some Gold: that brib'd my keeper;
To *Mentor* I heard fierce *Samertes* say,
Upon the sleeping Bride-groom let us steal;
This Slave shall be our Guide (pointing to *Castor*);
And in the hot blood of the Ravisher
VVe'll purify my Sister.

[*Exit Stredon.*]

Oros. Then it seems
They think, I sleep, but they shall find, I wake.

Thea. Draw not your Sword, but follow my advice: { *Theamne whispers*
They come, play but Your Part, as I'll act Mine; { *with Orosis.*
And with our Plot we'll counter theirs: Kneel down.

Enter Mentor, Musæus, Samertes, Arcas, Castor, and Soldiers;
Orosis Kneels to Theamne.

Same. The Villain kneels to her.

Ment. Let's hear his Prayer,
He would not kneel, were not her Fame unblemish'd.

Oros. Humbly I beg, that which I may command:
At Your feet, I confels, my fault was great,
To rob Your Parents of You, but I Use
Noother Violence; You see, my End
Is Fair and Chast, as she, at whom I aim.

Ment. An Enemy so generous I forgive.

Same. But You'll revenge me?

Oros. VVill you not Vouchsafe
Some Love, Some Pitty, to a tortur'd Heart?

Thea.

Thea. Love? Pitty? What? To one that durst invade,
My Sacred *Father's* Promise; and steal me
Out of a Town, which my dear *Brother* Governs?

Oros. Your *Brother* has so great a Souldier's name;
That 't will be no dishonour to a Souldier,
Who asks his Pardon, for the Crime of Love,
Which Men commit, forc'd by the Powers above.

Same. Submission wins me.

Arcas. I'll have Blood, for Blood.

Oros. As for the Blood, I drew from noble *Arcas*,
I'll pay him twice as much, when he'll command,
The Service of my Sword.

Arcas. Thou shalt not bleed.

Oros. *Arcas*! *Samertes* here! and Mighty *Mentor*!
Can *Mentor* pitch his Toil'es to take a Man?

Ment. You are a Beast of Prey; Resist, and dye;
Yield your Arms, and expect a legal Trial.

Oros. Before what Judge?

Ment. The Civil Magistrate.

Oros. No, I'll dye here.

Ment. Sentence, shall neither pass
From him, nor us; *Theamne* only knows
Your Crim's extent, and she shall sentence you,
Upon the place, where you assaulted her.

Oros. Fatall necessity must be obey'd.

Madam, I am your Pris'ner.

Thea. Souldiers, keep
That Pirate safe, till I pronounce his doom.

Same. Great *Mentor*, from my hand accept this Virgin,

Ment. Nature did never make a fairer Jewel,
What Value I have for her —

Thea. You express'd
By giving me that Slave; add, if you please
His Sister.

Ment. She's yours; What else do y' desire?

Thea. A little Sleep, after my frightful Watching.

Ment. Retire into my Cabin.

Thea. Sir, no Rest
Can close my eyes, till they behold my Parents.

Musa. She loves not *Mentor*; if I take right measures.

Ment. Captain, at *Sestos* Land my Love, I'll follow, *Exeunt* Captain
When we have finish'd here: Slave, Where's *Leander*. { and *Theamne*.

Cast. He's at Sea.

Same. Where's his Sister?

Cast.

Cast. You'll find her
In her Bed-chamber, the next Room.

Same. Go in.

[*Exeunt all but Castor.*]

Cast. They mind not me; in some blind hole I'll mourn;
But you *Greek-Dogs*, *Leander* will return.

[*Exit*]

Enter Mentor, Musæus, Samertes, Arcas and Souldiers,
Celena upon her bed the Curtaines drawn close.

Ment. *Celena's* in her Bed?

Same. I'll draw the Curtains.

Ment. Hold, hold *Samertes*; she may be a sleep.

Same. And would you wait the waking of a Slave?

[*he draws the Curtaines open.*]

Just heav'n! I see the *Goddess*, I blasphem'd.

Arcas. What *Goddess*? let me see her, for I know

All *Goddesses*, *Cast*, *Graven*, *Carv'd*, and *Painted*:

Save your self, *Admiral*, Your flight's no shame,

When I fly, VWho come arm'd with *Hero's* Love.

Ment. So, a rash Charge ends in a Panick Fear;

When Conduct (slow, but safe) brings up the Reer,

Arcas. The little Archer may surprize great *Mentor*.

Cele. Great *Mentor*! Is there any here so fly'd?

Ment. Yes, Madam; I am *Mentor*.

Cele. The Plate-Graver?

Ment. The *Admiral* of *Athens*.

Cele. Other Thieves

Rob Towns, and Houses, but thou steal'st a Title.

Musa. She'll talk you out of your own name, reply.

Ment. Her Eyes, like *Remoras*, have stopt my Tongue,

When it was under Sail:

Musa. Speak.

Musa. Madam, the--- the---

Arcas. I Vow the Poet's out.

Musa. Th' *Admiral* suffers an abortive Scorn,

The Mother's shame, which dyes, as soon as born:

As Clouds the Sun, that Name you darken here;

VWhich over all th'unclouded VWorld shines clear:

Mentor's Sea-Victory, the naked things

Of *India*, and the painted *Brian* Sings;

Only sad *Persia*, the Memorial keeps

Of her Defeat, and at his Triumph weeps.

Cele. How will the *Persian's* Spleen break through his Tears;

Into a flux of Laughter, when he hears,

noY

E

That

That Fleet, that Admiral from whom he fled,
Sail'd to surprize a Lady in her Bed?

Ment. Silence, and seize her.

Arcas. Do not, on your Lives.

Same. Touch her, and I'll cut off the frowy hand.

Ment. Disarm them.

Cels. Civill Gentlemen I beg,

Before you take th' life of my hand away,

That I may drink this Cordial,

Ment. Break the Glafs,

'Tis Poyson, carry her and them aboard:

Musa. To *Mentor* may I speak!

Ment. Not for the Pris'ners.

Musa. Not for *Celsa*? (come Sir, you'll not find,

Though I have hood-winkt them, that I am blind:)

I know you love *Her*.

Ment. Oh, you think but so?

All Poets have one Fault; they think they know.

Musa. You do not Love *Thamne*, I'm assur'd,

Or else her Brother had not been secur'd.

Ment. Vice-Admiral, You must have deeper Laine,

To sink the Plummert, that sounds my Design.

Musa. Farewell, for I perceive, that you intend

At once to change your Mistress, and your Friend.

Ment. Friend, dearest Friend, Divine *Musans*, Stay:

Thou know'st my breast; VVould thy Sword knew the way

Into my Heart; My base false heart 'tis now;

'Twas faithful: O *Musans*; VVilt not thou

Remember all that's Good, and nothing Ill,

VVhen thou dost write my Epitaph?

Musa. I VVill,

If I out-live you--- but dye fairly then;

VVho takes his own Life, merits not my Pen:--

How can I write Conquerour, on his Grave,

VVho stains his Laurel, and dyes Passion's Slave?

Ment. Justice condemns me: He that lives to wrong

His Mistress, and his Friends, has liv'd too long.

Musa. But our Lives have determin'd Periods?

And he that's his own Mord'rer; wrongs the Gods:

The Friends, whom you disarm'd, are injur'd Men;

Restore their Arms, and they'll be friends agen.

Ment. How can *Thamne* be repair'd?

Musa. If She

Love you (but saith, that's more then I can see)

You wrong her: But if she your Person slight,
To love another, is, to do her right.

Ment. *Celena* will so false a man abhor.

Musa. Yet a great Man, and a great Conquerour;
And if you cannot a soft Maid subdue,
I'll ay, that Art fails me; and Fortune You.

[*Exeunt.*]

The Fourth Act.

Enter Castor and Stremon.

Stre. The cowardize of our Men, preserv'd the Town.

Cast. Nay, if the Souldiers had stood to their Arms,
VVithout all peradventure, *Mentor's* Men
Had fir'd *Abydos*; thou and I shall now
Live to burn *Seftos*.

Stre. VVhat begets this Hope.

Cast. Now that *Leander's* come, and this night past,
VVhich prov'd so dismal to his Family:
He and the Sun, who rise from Sea together,
Promise as well faire Fortune, as fair VVeather.

Stre. I fear; the Fate, upon his House, will break
Leander's Heart, mine bleeds for brave *Orosis*.

Cast. For fair *Celena* I have wept so much,
Leander might have swum in my Salt-water.

Enter Leander.

Stre. 'Twas well, the *Greek* Fleet miss'd him: Some Design
He hammers, by the sparkling of his Eyes.

Cast. VVhat a strange active Spirit has our Prince,
He swims the Sea; Yet, landing takes no rest.

Lean. I see, to Fury Honour is no Bar:
From *Mentor* I expected a fair VVar,
VVhich unconcern'd Spectatours might applaud:
In his own Coin I'll pay him, Fraud for Fraud,
That th'Enemy may think our Courage fails,
Take down your Shrouds and put-up Mourning Sailes,
Then will the *Greeks* proud of their Conquest, boast,
VVe fly to people some unplanted Coast.
At our sad Emblems of Despair they'll laugh,
And all this Day, like true *Greeks*, dance and quasse:

But when the Conquerours have drunk so deep,
That some lye drown'd in VVine, and some in sleep;
The *Sessian* Garrison wee'l over-power;
And with our Sea-men take the Town and Tower:
For to my VVife, at Night I'l swim the Sea,
And open *Europe's* Portall, with her Key.
VVhat cheere, my Hearts after this fatal Night?

Stre. Sir I hope for a Day of Victory,

Cast. For my part, to the *Grecians* I would loose
One Eye; so with the other I might see
The Conqurours Captive, and the Captives Free.

Lean. I ask not questions, as unsatisfy'd
VVith either's Courage; I know you can fight,
Like Valiant Men: But tell me which of you
VVill be a VVoman, to advantage me?

Cast. I look too grim.

Lean. For Men there's no access:
To *Hero's* Tow'r; I'l send my VVife a Letter,
Stredon, Thou'lt carry't?

Stre. Sow'd up in my Apron:
And if my Project please you, I'l paint Black;
My nimblest ship-boyes shall be *Negroes* too,
At *Sestos* they'l be very serviceable.

Lean. VVill the Guards pass you?
Stre. Into their dull Souls,

I'l strike a pious reverence; telling them
I'm th' *Ethiopian Sibyl*, come to visit,
Sibyl of *Europe*, who now Prophesyes
In *Hero's* Temple.

Lean. Very good; from *Hero*
Receive the Postern-Key, and wait you there;
Till your Boys bring you word, my Fleet's arriv'd:
Then let-in *Castor* and the Mariners.
Get me a Pen; and look your Swords be good;
Love shall be writ in Ink: Revenge, in blood.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter *Tiresias*, *Aphila*, *Theamne*, *Samertes*,
Arcas, and *Waiters*.

Aphi. Thy Freedom, dear *Theamne*, did not more
Joy me, when I brought thee into the VVorld.

Tire. Sons, Daughter, VVelcome home, from base *Abydos*.

Samt. I confess't was no honorable place
For any of us three; *Arcas* and I
VVere Pris'ners there, disarm'd by your great Friend.

Tire.

Tire. We heard it.

Thea. How my Brother frowns? I see,
He means not to sit down with his Affront.

Tire. How long were you two under a restraint?

Aras. We were just brought aboard the Admiral.
When Orders came, for our Transportance hither.

Tire. In your Discharge *Mentor* express'd himself
Your Father's Friend; Some; that Command in chief,
Have punish'd such an Insolence with Death.

Same. Some will not see a fault, in their young Friends,
That serve as Volunteers, and take no Pay.

Tire. No more reflexions, he's severe, but Prudent.

Same. And just, I wish he were; but he detains
Orofis and *Celena*, though he gave

Them (as a Bride-groom's Present) to *Theamne*:

Then, *Mentor* has a Feavour, and who knows,

When 'twill please his sick Greatness to be well?

Must our Revenge wait his Recovery?

Thea. to Vindicate our Honour, I will write

A Letter for my Slaves.

Aphi. They shall be drown'd,

Thea. The Gift's condition'd; I must be their Judge:

What think you, If we had them dead alive?

Tire. No death can be more proper for a Pirate;

When Merchants (burn'd, and frozen, by both Zones)

Bring, for their Country, Purple, Gold, and Jewells,

'Tis fit; That he who strips them of that Wealth,

Should have his Skin stript off.

Aphi. And She, that shar'd

The Prizes, let her share the Punishment:

To th' Execution I'll invite our Kindred:

Daughter, come-in, let's see, how well you write.

[Exit

Samertes pulls back *Theamne*.

Same. One word; Do'st mean the Pris'ners shall be dead?

Thea. Would not you, for *Celena*, intercede?

Same. I Love her.

Thea. More (it seems) then you love me:

VVas I imprison'd, and shall I not be

Revenge'd, for an Indignity so base,

Both of *Orofis*, and of his whole Race?

Same. VVhat Fury has possess'd thee? VVho am I?

Hast thou forgot *Samertes*? Shall He dye

Because thou wert imprison'd by another?

VVhere's thy old Love, thy Kindness, for thy Brother?

Thea.

Thea. Brother, for You how great a Tenderness
My Heart has, let my melting Eyes express? [She seems to weep.]

Same. Express it, to *Celena*.

Thea. She shall live.

Same. Now but a Pardon to *Orofis* give;
I'll say, thou art of all thy Sex the best.

Thea. A tender Nature should not be thus prest,
To prejudice it Self; besides, I know
Your temper such; as he, that's once your Foe,
Can never be your Friend; Why then should I
Pardon a Man, You hate?

Same. If he should dye.
Celena would hate me.

Thea. Consider, pray;
His Pardon sign'd, What will the People say?

Thea mine by *Orofis* was enjoy'd;
So, to preserve his Life, my Fame's destroy'd

Same. I'll stop the People's Mouth.

Thea. But I shall sink,
Under great Censure, VVhat will *Adenor* think?
Him I shall loose.

Same. Undoubtedly; and then,
The best of Maids, will loose the worst of Men.

Thea. To him my Father promis'd me,

Same. He did:

But let thy Brother the curs'd Banes forbid:
Thou should'st not call my Enemy thy Friend,
Much less thy Husband.

Thea. But I shall offend,
Our Parents, if I break.

Same. Do but acquit
Orofis; *Mextor* will not have the VVit,
To think thee Honest; and then He'll break first.

Thea. If I would do it, Do you think I durst?

Same. Dur'st thou not, for thy Brother?

Thea. You'll ingage,
To stand between me and my Father's rage?
Same. And *Mextor*'s Fury too; though he command
At Sea, I'll make him know, I rule at Land,
And that my Sister shall be free to chuse.

Thea. For my self, Brother, I should not refuse;
For You I will---advantage my own ends;
So flatter'ing Politicians use their Friends.

[*Aside.*
[*Exeunt.*

Enter

*Enter Mafius, and Celena,
Aboard Mentor.*

Cele. His Pray'rs move me, no more then do his Threats;
I will not go.

Musa. The Admiral intreats.

Cele. VVhy to his Cabin, Am I not safe here?

Musa. You are, but He'l be safer, when y'are there:
For, you may bring him Health, I know, you will;
Then make halt, *Mentor's* dangerously ill.

Cele. If any danger of his life you see,
Pray, send for his Phyfician, and spare me.

Musa. My Friend's not sick in Body, but in Mind;
And yet that's curable, if you'l be kind.

Cele. Kind, to my Enemy?

Musa. Your kindness may
Make him your Friend.

Cele. VVho has made me his Prey:
No, when the cruel Vulture gripes the Dove,
She cannot hate, but sure she will not love.

Musa. But when the Hart the flying Hind pursues,
By yielding, she the Conquerour fubdues.

Cele. *Mufius*, my Ambition is not high:
Let *Mentor* be Victorious; let me fly.

Musa. To him?

Cele. To Heav'n; if you will but afford,
My hand the timely favour of your Sword.

Musa. My Sword for noble uses was ordain'd.

Cele. VVhat's nobler, then to keep a Maid unstain'd?

Musa. If that be all the danger you suspect:
I will engage, your Honour He'l protect.

Cele. But yet his Passion may deceive your trust.

Musa. To Honour *Mentor* never was unjust,
If he be now, upon my Sword depend.

I am your Guard, and *Mentor's* not my Friend.

Cele. Let's go; but still remember, You are He
I trust, as Guide both to your Friend, and Me. [Exeunt.

Enter Mentor, Reading a Letter.

Ment. *Theamne* is deriv'd from *Dalpbick* Prophets,
And like a Prophetess she ends her Letter:

Send

Send me the Pris'ners quickly, you had need,
 For, you'l not loose your Feavour, till They bleed.
 VVhat Answer to this Letter can I make,
 But that her just Commands must be obey'd?
 The Pris'ners to *Ishamne* were my Gift,
 VVhich 'tis not in my Pow'r now to revoke.
 Heaven! Must I send *Celena*, to be Slaughter'd?
 Yes, Honour sayes: Diviner Love sayes, No:
 And should not I offend the Deities,
 To worship Honour by profaning Love?
 VVhat shall I do? if I consent they dye;
 And my Ingagement's broke, if I refuse.

Enter *Museus* and *Celena*.

Musa. *Celena's* come

Ment. The fairest of her Sex

Comes to be sacrific'd.

Cele. I am betray'd,

Musa. Suspend your Fear, till I awake his Virtue:
 From great to Base, VVill *Mentor* change his Style?

Ment. Against my VVill; what I do, I abhor,
 And what she'l suffer, is, the fact of Heaven.

Musa. Horrid! Upon the Gods You charge your Crime.

Ment. VVhich is so great, no God will pardon it.

Musa. And can a Man so wicked, hope to live?
 Draw your Sword.

Ment. No; the Guilty, if he fight,
 May by misfortune kill the Innocent.

Musa. VVhy then would you be guilty of a Rape,
 And make me accessary to your Lust?

Ment. That slanderous Lye will justify thy death:
 VVho poy'sned thy foot tongue? VVhat Villain?

Musa. Thou:
 Didst thou not say, the fairest of her Sex,
 Comes to be sacrific'd?

Ment. I own the words;
 But thy Mistake shall not ingage our Lives;
 Peruse *Theamne's* Letter, and then bid
 Farewell, to fair unfortunate *Celena*.

Musa. Release her, and She'l then be Fortunate.

Ment. I have resign'd my right, she's not my Pris'ner.

Musa. Make her your VVife, None upon earth but You
 Can claim an Intrest in your VVife.

Cele.

Cela. His Wife?

Had I a thousand Lives, He should not be woe'd
My Husband, if he could preserve 'em all:
Render *Celena* to her Enemies;
Better at once dye, then to be dying ever.

Ment. Since to your Bed I must not be admitted;
In one cold Urn, our Ashes shall embrace:

Sail-off my Ship, for *Sestos*.

Musa. Then I see,

The *Persian* War did but adjourn our Fate;

To both our Lives Her Death will put an end:

You'll not out-live Your Love; nor I, my Friend.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Hero, and Nurse,

In the Tower-Garden by a Fountain.

Hero. Nurse, I could Vye Tears with that weeping Fountaine;

Leander has forgot me.

Nurse. Do You think,

He can forget his Wife, and such a Beauty?

Hero. Ah; Where's the Beauty of a Wife? What Flower

Looks lovely, when 'tis gather'd, but one Day?

No since I lost the happy name of Virgin,

Hero is alter'd, so's *Leander* too,

The Sea has taught the Swimmer how to change:

His Mistress lives in *Asia*, he shuns *Europe*,

And can dispense with his rash Vow to me:

Leander's false.

Nurse. I'll answer for his Truth.

Hero. If he be true, Why does he not come hither?

What answer can you make for his Delay?

Nurse. Good lack: You long? Can you not stay till Night?

By day he may not Swim.

Hero. But he may send,

And so may I; Good sweet Nurse (whilst I write)

Go to the Port and get a Messenger.

Nurse. My old eyes hardly can find out the way,

[*Hero sits, draws out a Tablet and writes.*]

Such dark Clouds fly, before the setting Sun:

But, to serve you I'll do my weak endeavour.

[*Nurse goes out and presently comes back.*]

Hero. Nurse, What's the business?

Nurse. Child it poses me;

I th' Air this Ev'ning, we have flying Clouds.

And walking Clouds below: there is without,

AS great black femal Shadow and her Spawse,
She sayes, that she's *Leander's* Messenger,
Hero. She's a black Angel, if she came from him,
Call her in.

Nurse. Mistress, *Madam*, *Devil*, Enter.

Musique,

Stredon and his Ship-Boyes like Black's enter,
and three first one, then another washing at the
Pommetin, in this all appear White.

Nurse. As I'm alive, 'tis *Stredon* and his Ship-boys,
VVas't not well?

Hero. Very well; but is *him* in

Leander Sends?

Sire. No, *Madam*, here's a Letter.

Hero. VVelcome Sweet Image of *Leander's* thoughts.

Stredon,

My Hero,

Before I could swim back to *Abydos*; my Brother and Sister were surpris'd
by *Mentor*, who pretends to *Theamne*, and means to Sacrifice them to
the Revenge of her Relations. But Fortune, like the *Helespont*, has
Storms and Calmes, but *Heles* and *God*: Hope the best. I'll swim
to you at midnight; give *Stredon* the *Postern Key*, he has orders to
wait there, till the arrival of my Fleet at three: then in the head of my
Sea-men I'll rout your Souldiers, release the Prisoners, and Sail-off with
Hero and *Theamne*: This I may safe promise to those Spirits, which you
will infuse into,

Your *Leander*.

'Twas sadly fortun'd; but 'tis well design'd;
And yet I fear *Leander's* want of fear,
Why will he swim now, when the North-East Wind
Blows up the watry Glasses with one Galt,
And with another breaks them? Tell me *Nurse*,
(But tell me true) Dost thou believe, that I
Shal ever see my Lord?

Nurse. Yes, in your arms;

Stro. And *Sestian* Souldiers kneeling at his feet.

Hero. You flatter like Physicians, when they tell
A dying Patient, that there's hope of Life.
But for *Leander's* coming, let's prepare:

Give

Give him the Key, the Torch shall be our Charge
This Mantle (held before it, with these hands)
From all the Winds shall Screen that flaming Guide,
Which lights the Swimmer to his clouded Bride.

[Exit.]

The Fifth Act.

Enter Leander and Castor.
At Abydos.

Lean. Sit at Helm, Master, in my Admiral,
But hope not, to Steer me: Sail thou to *Sestos*.
I'll swim.

Cast. You'll meet a Tempest and be lost;
I am in fear, your Ships may be dispers'd

Lean. Ships thou dost understand, not Men.

Cyff. I know,

That if you Swim this Sea, You'll ne'r make Land.

Lean. Dar'st thou dispute with me?

Cast. When you thwart Heaven:

Do y' hear how the tumultuous billows roar,
Threatning to overwhelm you on the Shoar?

Lean. Thou raisest an imaginary Storm;
I see no danger.

Cast. I, no hope of safety:

You must not swim in such a boyling Flood.

Lean. Villain, I'll swim to *Here* in thy blood.

Cast. Do, kill me; and that madness I'll forgive:
But shorten not, the Dayes you have to live.

Lean. For all those Dayes the Sun shall ever light,
I would not lose the pleasure of this Night.

Cast. Enjoy it safely, go with us aboard.

Lean. No; I have writ and I'll not break my Word

Cast. You writ, but no Storm was discover'd then:

Now only Death and Horrour's within Ken:

O Sir, if you regard not your own life,

Pity your Sister, Brother, and your Wife.

[Castor kneels.]

Lean. The folly of thy childish Pray'r I scorn;

I, to command the *Hellepont* was born;

And thou to fear it.

Cast. For your sake, I fear

This hideous night, in which no Stars appear.

Lean. This dark night *Here's Torch* shall be my Star;
The Houres divided, between Peace and War;
Till Two, I'll solace; bring the Fleet at Three:
Celena and *Orosis* then I'll free.

Cast. You promise, as if you could calm a storm.

Lean. That which I promise, Fortune will perform.

Cast. To Fortune will you trust your self? She's blind.

Lean. Blind Fortune to blind Love was ever kind.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Mentor, and Marcus.

At Seitos.

Ment. *Celena* is delivered to *Theamne*,
And she's as cruel as my Love is fair:
Do Piety and Honour bind a Man
To the performance of a rash Engagement?
All my great Actions this one Act defames.

{*Thunder and
Lightning.*}

Musa. Thunder against such Piety exclaims;

Ment. I hear it, Friend, and do not you admire,
That I'm not struck, when Heaven shoots midnight-Fire?

Musa. No but I wonder, you'll not take the Alar'm,
When to your drowly Valour, Heav'n cries, arme:
No, rash Engagement now lyes in your way;
You're free to fight.

Ment. But sure to loose the Day.
For though the *Sessian* Governour be young,
His Garrison's well-disciplin'd, and strong:
By making of a Vain Attempt; all those,
Whom I have taught to Conquer, shall I lose?
First let me perish.

Musa. Rather first let's try,
The means to live; at last we can but dye:
With our dark Lanterns, *Here's Tow'r* we'll View;
We may discover some blind Avenue,
At which our men may enter: if the Tower
And the fair Priestess once be in our Power,
The Town we'll force; or such Conditions make,
As they'll not stick to give, nor you to take:
They shall present *Celena* to your arms.

Ment. Her Name, like thy soft Verse, my Senses charms;
My Reason's over-rul'd, not to contemne,
The weak proposal of this Stratagem:
For, Lovers hopes vain Expectation feeds;
Like drowning Men, we catch at broken Reeds.

[*Exeunt.*
Enter]

*Enter Hero with her hair loose,
Nurse following.*

Hero. The Torch is out? Blow, till the Turret fall,
Malicious Winds, now I defy you all;
The Torch is out, which we again may light;
But with *Leander* 'tis eternal night:
Yet there I'll find him.

Nurse. I must say, he lives; [*Aside.*
Or else, I fear, she'll cast her self away:
Have patience, Child, *Leander* may do well.

Hero. No, no; he's drown'd; the Thunder rung his Knell.

Nurse. Too sure:] Why do ye forspeak *Leander* thus?
Thunder hurts him no more, then it hurts us.

Hero. He's past hurt, and past help, before this time.

Adventurous Youth, thy Courage was thy Crime,

And hasty Love thy Ruine: a short Stay,

had with thy Navy brought thee safe away:

Didst thou not hear the scoulding billows rage?

With moving Mountains Why wouldst thou engage?

And rashly, when we might have fix'd our Joy,

For gaining of one Hour thy self destroy?

Why would Heaven suffer this, and slight my Prayers?

How unconcern'd are Gods in Mens Affairs?

Why in the Temple did I pray and fast,

And on the coals *Arabian* Incense cast?

Serve *Venus*? I might bow my knee as well

To *Proserpine*: For Heaven's less kind than Hell.

Nurse. She'll run distracted?] Child, 'tis sadly strange,

That you, a Priestess should devotion change;

To Profanation: What? can you distrust

The care of Heaven, and think the Gods unjust?

Will they deprive a sweet young Prince of Life,

Because he swims to bed to his own Wife?

No, they love Man more, then he loves himself:

And in this Sea there's neither Rock nor shelf,

Only some troubled Waves; and they'll soon rest,

If you'll but calm the Tempest in your Breast.

Hero. Nurse, thou hast said the Wind: VVho would have thought,

Thou hadst been so religious? I am naught;

An impious wretch, for when I was devout,

And pray'd, and sigh'd and pray'd, the Torch went out.

But dost thou think, that I shall ever see

[*Leander*

Leander living?

Nurse. Do you now see me?

Do y' see this fair calm Morning?

Hero. Both inspire

My heart, that was pale ashes, with new fire.

Into his arms I'll fly, with swifter wings,

Then into th' East that blushing Day-light springs.

O Horror! horror! Floating by the Shore:

His Body swims: *Leander*, speak once more?

Oh, Whicher is that mighty Spirit fled?

What Nothings are the bodies of the dead?

See at their pleasure the proud Billows roul:

Those Active Nerves, which did the Sea contro u.

No Heat, no Motion, now that Bolome warms,

Which lately was encompass'd with these arms.

A long, long Farewell to Love's Bitter-sweet;

Death has divorc'd us, yet in death we'll meet.

She flings her self into the Sea.

Nurse. She'll drown her self? Some Plank, some lucky Fish

Or Fisher, save her: 'tis too late to With-

But hark, our Guards upon the Strand I hear:

They'll silence me if I stand crying here.

Life's sweet, though by young Lovers 'tis despis'd,

By us Old-folks, that know the World, 'tis priz'd.

Exit.

Enter Mentor, Muscus, and Soldiers.

Ment. No Use of these dark-Lanterns, the Sun shines;

We see our Follie, Madnes 'twere to stay,

For *Hero's* Tow'r is, like *Celena's* Heart,

Impregnable.

Musc. From both 'tis time You part;

Now when our mighty Lords, the People, write

That you must straight return, and shortly fight

The *Persian* King, whose Navy will transport

A dreadful Army, and a glorious Court,

And (to revenge his Vice-Roy whom You slew)

A Gallows, to be set-up here, for You:

So vast a Gallows, as it lades two Ships,

With Iron-Chains ballast'd, and Steel-Whips,

Prepar'd for his *Greek* Slaves; either redeem

Your Country now; or forfeit Your Esteem:

Here stands *Celena*, fairer *Athena* there;

Think which of these deserves to be most dear.

Ment.

Ment. Love to my Country's Safety must give place,
Before the *Sessian* Drunkards rise, draw off—
Hold, there's a Postern open.

Musa. And the Guards
Are marching in, they see not us, stand close.

Stre. Who would have thought, he that had stem'd the Tide,
When cross-Winds fought for th' Empire of the Sea,
Leander should be drown'd?

Ment. *Leander* Drown'd!

Cast. This I foretold, and begg'd of him to Sail;
Yet he would swim; and woe on woe, we see
Hero his matchless Wife (who cast her self
Upon his body, from her Tow'r) partakes
His Destiny, drown'd with her dearest Lord.

Musa. *Hero* a Wife? Thorough the Sea and Shade,
To *Hero* was *Leander's* Voyage made,
And hers to him, when floating by the Shoar?
I'll make all Mankind their sad Fate deplore,
The wildest Savage when my Verse he hears,
Shall once more drown them in a Sea of Tears.

Cast. Follow the Bearers, whilst their Bodies burn,
We'll take the Brands, and fire this cursed Town.

Ment. These were *Leander's* Men, fall in with them;
And friend, when we have Master'd this strong Piece,
I'll fight, first for *Celena* then for *Greece*.

[*Exeunt*

A Bar hung with Blacks.

Enter Tiresias, Aphila, Arcas, and Attendants.

Aphi. Our Friends are plac'd; Where's the Executioner?

Arcas. Setting his Razers; here's the Governour,
Pris'ners and Judge.

{ *Enter Samertes, Theamne, Orofis,*
{ *Celena, and a Guard of Soldiers.*

Same. Bring the Slaves to the Bar,
Theamne take thy place.

Aphi. Revenge thy selfe.

[*Theamne Sits on a Throne*

Thea. This is the Seat where equal Justice Sits,
To doom the Guilty and save Innocents:
All crooked Wayes and Ends this place abhors—
Ha! From the dust, my pious Ancestors.

The

The *Delphick* Prophets, to inspire me, rise;
 Pris'ners, your Case they'll open, and my Eyes:
 Bless'd Spirits, make, O make me Such a Judge,
 As You were, without favour, without grudge.

Aphi. She's mad?

Tire. No, Love; she's doing of her duty,
 Listning to our Fore-fathers.

Aphi. He's mad too.

Same. Thou Act'it it, rarely.

[To *Theamne*, in her ear.

Thea. Brother, I'll not hear,
 My Father, nor my Mother, in this Cause:
 The Gods forbid, that I should Sentence give,
 But as their Prophets dictate; Pris'ners, live.

Aphi. I faint; Son, Husband, lead me to my bed.

Same. Prepare *Calena*, against my return.

[To *Theamne*.

Aphi. *Theamne*, Thou hast sentenc'd me to dye.

Thea. I but declar'd that which the Gods decreed.

Tire. And in their Sentence, we must acquiesce.

{ *Tiresias*, and *Samertes*, lead-out *Aphila*,
 followed by *Arcas* and their Servants.

Thea. I cannot yet conceive, how this will end,
 My Brother loves your Sister, and leaves me,
 To court her for him; she's inflexible;
 He, violent.

Oros. Into my Hand, *Leander*
 Will put a Sword, to prevent Violence:
 Did you not see the little Skipper-boy?

Thea. That fell down from the Scaffolds, on your neck?

Oros. He said, our Sea-men are in *Hero's* Tower.

Enter Nurse.

The. This News sounds pleasantly—*Nurse*? Why so pale?
 How does my Mother?

Nurse. Well; She's well again,
 But your poor Sister—

Thea. What of her?

Nurse. Dead, dead;
 Civilly dead, I mean: for she's a Pris'ner.

Oros. Aboard our ships?

Nurse. Your Ships and Men are Pris'ners
 To *Mentor*, he has taken *Hero's* Tower.

Enter

Enter Samertes, and Souldiers.

Thea. My Brother, then, would Shine in Steel, not Silks;
He looks more like a Bride-groom, then a Souldier;

Celena. Will you please to be his Bride?

Cele. My nature cannot brook his Insolence.

Thea. But Love's a Fire that softens proudest Souls.

Same. *Celena*, at your feet I cast a heart,

Us'd to command, by Love taught to obey.

Thea. How Love has humbled him!

Cele. My first command,

Is, that you give *Theamne* to *Orosis*.

Same. How? Give my Sister to my Enemy?

I will not do't for all which Love calls Pleasure.

Cele. Then you may take your Heart up, from my feet;

And give that, where you please; for I will never

Love him who hates my Brother.

Same. Is the Rule

Your VVill or Mine? Yield, or I'll force you to't.

Cele. How Love has humbled him! My Soul is free,
No Tyranny can over-pow'r the VVill.

Same. The Pow'r you brave, I'll make you feel, and marry
The Man you scorn; Guard, Bear her to the Priest.

Thea. *Celena* is my Pris'ner.

Same. By what right?

Pris'ners of War Yours? Bear her to the Altar.

Thea. Forc'd Love, is ———

Same. Sweeter, then Love uncompell'd;
Sweet-meats, that drop into my mouth, I loath:

Enter Mentor, Musæus, and Souldiers.

VVhy stare you? Rogues, Carry her to the Temple;
The Joyes of Marriage shall torment her Pride.

Ment. Disarm that barb'rous youth, I'll tame his fury:

Sestos, with such a Governour, should fall:

But conquer'd *Sestians* know, that I resolve,

To change your Governour, not Government.

I took up Arms now, only to release,

Or to revenge *Celena*: yet if she

Should have been Sentenc'd to have lost her life;

I doubted nothing sadder then her death.

Here's Cruelty beyond the Butcher's Skill,
A Marriage to be made, against her Will:
VVhen *Draco* penn'd our sanguinary Laws;
To punish such, he did insert no Clause,
Crimes of this nature not being understood:
I'll take his Paper and write this in blood,

Thea. Great *Mentor*, pardon him.

Ment. VVill fair *Theanne*,

For my Inconstancy give me a Pardon?

Thea. 'Tis seal'd; this Prince and I, are, Man and VVife;
My noble Usage, when I was his Slave,
VVhen he was Mine, made him *Theanne's* Lord.

Enter Tiresias, Aphila, Arcas, and Attendants.

Tire. Not for our selves— [*Tiresias, and Aphila, kneels to Mentor.*

Aphi. For our Son's life we kneel.

Ment. You, that petition for a life to me;
Must first grant me a Suit.

Tire. and *Aphi*. Command your servants.

Ment. Accept of this Prince, for your Son-in-Law.

Tire. Is *Mentor* pleas'd, that he shall have *Theanne*?

Ment. I am.

Aphi. Daughter, Is he your choice?

Thea. Yes Madam.

Aphi. Then we'll not cross thee; for too late, we find
The crossing of thy Sister, was her death.

Tire. If we had left her to dispose her self;
The *Hellepont*, so nam'd for drowning *Helle*,
Hero's fate had not made more infamous.

Ment. I come now to Love's Infamy, *Sametres*,
For whom his Friends, more then for *Hera*, mourn:

Tiresias, I oblige you, for three years,
To banish this rash youth, 't wil cool his rage:
And Forein Schools will make him Understand,
That Love's gain'd by Obedience, not Command.

Cele. Widdom and Valour adorn *Mentor's* Mind;
VVhy, to his Form, was Nature so unkind?

Ment. The Garrison (of *Sestos*, that Guards *Europe*)
From their old Governour shall take the VVord;

[*The Sestians shout.*

So, Friend, farewell: I'll steer my course for *Athens*.
My Fleet there reinforc'd; I'll sail to Fight
The *Persian* Navy.

Arcas.

Arcas. If great *Mentor* please,
I'll serve my Country in the *Persian* VVar.

Ment. Aboard me, You shall fight.

Tire. Extend that Favour
To sad *Sametres*, that with his own blood,
(Or th' Enemies) he may wash-out his stain,

Ment. To my Friend I must not deny this Suit.

Same. Then on the *Persian* I'll discharge my Fury.

Ment. Lastly ('tis more than you will say to me)
Celena (twice my Pris'ner) you are Free.

Cele. Victorious *Mentor*, Freedom make me more,
Your Captive now, than Bondage did before:
I yield my Heart a Pris'ner to your Merit;
And that's no lessning to the greatest Spirit.

Ment. I stand amaz'd, at my own Happiness,
To see my Love crown'd with this bless'd success.

Muse. The Stars give Bliss, or Bane, to all beneath;
Last night *Mars* quarter'd in the House of Death:

This Morning, *Venus*, from his arms releas'd,
Invites us to her Temple and her Feast.

Arcas. Joy to the Brides and Bridegrooms.

[All kiss the Brides, and Bride-Grooms's hands.

Oros. Dear *Theamne*,
My Sovereign at *Abydos* you shall reign.

Tire. At *Sestos*, the down'd Lovers' carv'd by Art
That rivals Nature, shall For ever stand
In breathing Marble.

Ment. Friend, though few, love Poets
As I do, yet all must confess, no Art
But theirs gives Nature Immortality;
Our Statues, like our selves, old-age decays;
Time cannot ruine what *Museus* builds;
He to the VWorld a Poem will present
For *Hero* and *Leander's* MONUMENT.

Epilogue



EPILOGUE.

*If The Original had not restrain'd
 The Copy; if our Poet might have feign'd:
 The Sea should have consented to restore,
 His Hero and Leander safe to Shoar.
 But what a Poet cannot do, You may;
 They'l live to Morrow, if You like the Play.*

FINIS.



EPILOGUE

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